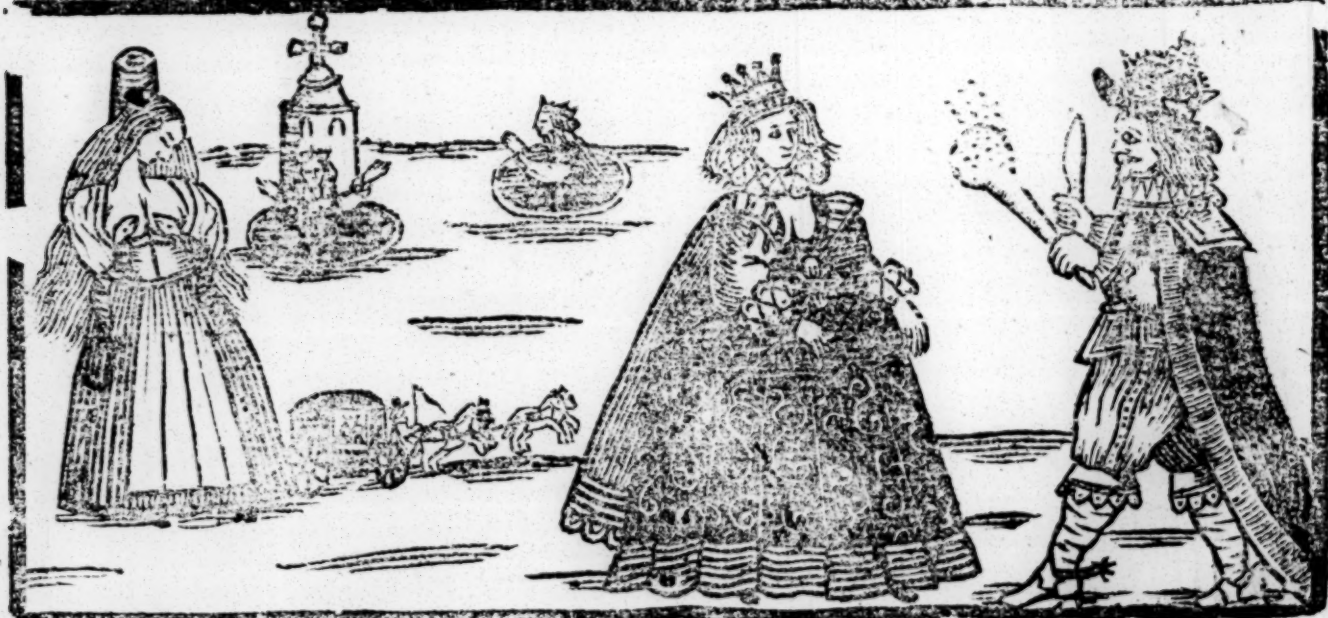


The lamentable fall of Queen Elenor, who for her Pride

and wickedness by Gods judgements sunk in to the ground at Charing-Cross, and rose at
Queen-hive.

To the tune of Gentle and Courteous



When Edward was in England King
the first of all that name,
Proud Elenor he made his Queen,
a stately Spanish Dame.
Whose wicked life and sinful pride,
through England did excel,
To dainty Dames and gallant Maids,
this Queen was known full well.

She was the first that did invent
in Coaches harts to ride,
She was the first that brought this Band
to ready sin of pride.
No English Tailor here could serve
to make her rich attire,
But sent for Tailors into Spain
to see her vain desire.

They brought in fashions strange and new
with golden Garments bright,
The Farthingale and mighty Ruffs,
with Colours of rich delight.
Our London Dames in Spanish pride
did flourish every where,
Our Englishmen like women then,
did wear long locks of hair.

Both man and child, both male and wife
every woman'd in pride of Spain,
And thought the Spanish Tailors then
our English men did stain.
Whereat the Queen did much despight
to see our English men,
In vestures clad as wade to see
as any Spaniard then.

She crav'd the King that every man,
that wore long locks of hair,
Might then be cut and polled all
or waken very near.
Whereat the King did seem content,
and soon thereto agreed.
And first commanded that his own
should then be cut with speed.

And after that to please his Queen
proclaimed through the land,
That every man that wore long hair,
should poll him out of hand
But yet this Spaniard not content,
to women bore a spite,
And then requested of the King
against all Law and right.

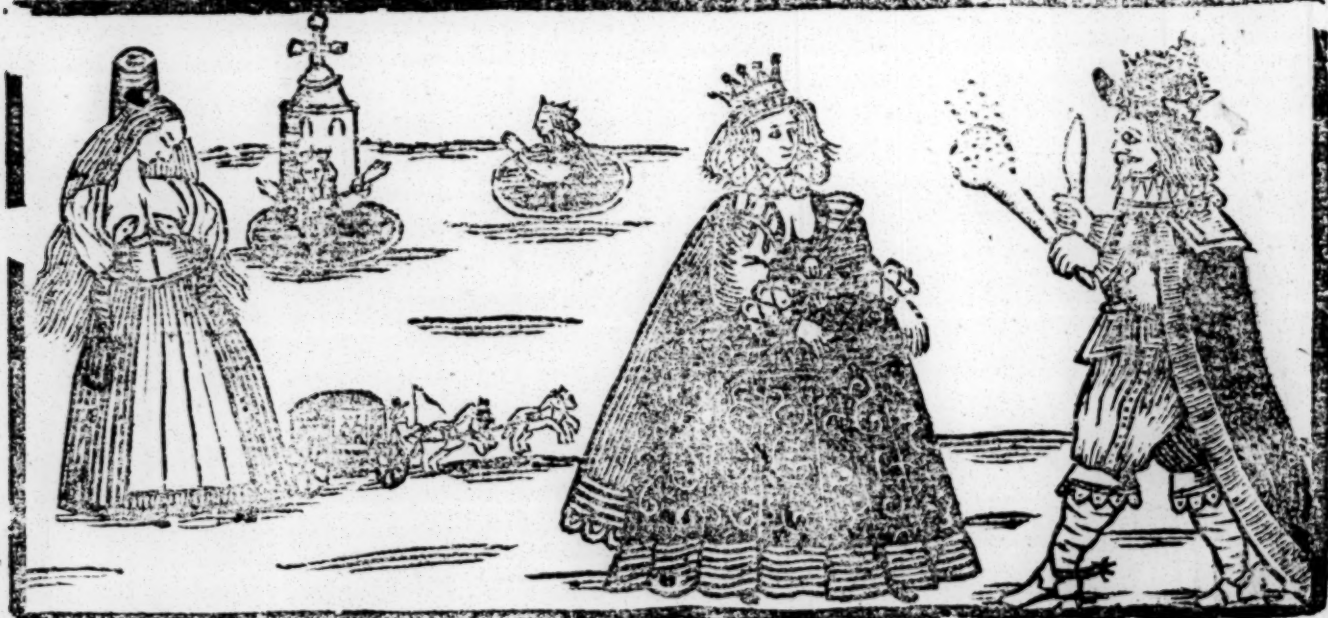
That every woman-kind should have
their right breast cut away,
And then with burning Irons sear'd,
the blood to stanch and stay.
King Edward then perceiving well
her spite to women-kind,
Devised soon by policy,
to turn her bloody mind.

He sent for burning Irons freight,
all sparkling hot to see,
And said O Queen come on thy way,
I will begin with thee,
Which words did much displease the Queen;
that penance to begin,
But askt him pardon on her knees,
who gave her grace therein,

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But afterwards there chanc'd to passe
 along by the London streets,
 Whence as the Mayor of London's wife
 in stately sort she meets,
 With much mirth and melody
 unto the Church they went.
 To give God thanks that to the Lord Mayor,
 a noble Son had send.
 It grieved much this spiteful Queen
 to see that one,
 Should so exceed in mirth and joy,
 except her self alone.
 For which she after all devils,
 within her bloody mind,
 And practis'd still most secretly,
 to kill that Lady kind.
 Unto the Mayor of London then
 she sent her letters straight,
 To send his Lady to the Court,
 upon her grace to wait,
 But when the London Lady came
 before proud Elenors face,
 She stript her from her rich array,
 and kept her vile and base.
 She sent her into Wales with speed,
 and kept her secret there,
 And as'd her still most cruelly,
 that ever man did hear.
 She made her wash, she made her starch,
 she made her drudge allway,
 She made her nurse up Children small,
 and labour night and day.
 But this contented not the Queen,
 but shew'd her more despite.
 She bound this Lady to a Post,
 at twelve a clock at night.
 And as poor Lady she stood bound,
 the Queen in angry mood,
 Did set two Snakes unto her breast,
 that suckt away her blood.

Thus by'd the Mayor of London's wife
 most grievous sor to bear,
 Which made the Spaniard grow more proud
 as after shall appear.
 The wheat that daily made her bread,
 was bolter twenty times,
 The food that fed this stately Dame,
 was boyl'd in costly wines.
 The trator that shew'd spring from ground
 she would not touch at all,
 But wash her hands with dew of heaven
 that on sweet Roses fall.
 She bath'd her body many a time,
 in fountaine fill'd with milk.
 And every day did change attire,
 in costly Median silk.
 But coming then to London back
 within her Coach of gold,
 A tempest strange within the streets
 this Queen did there behold.
 Out of which storm she could not go,
 but there remain'd a space.
 Four horses could not stir the Coach,
 a foot out of that place.
 A judgement lately sent from heaven
 for meddling with the blood,
 Upon this sinful Queen that Act
 the London Lady good.
 King Edward then as wise some will's
 accus'd her of that deed,
 But she deny'd and wish't that God
 would send his wrath with speed.
 If that upon so vile a thing
 her heart did ever think,
 She wish't the ground might open wide
 and therein she might sink,
 With that at Charing-Cross she sunk
 into the ground alive,
 And after rose with life again,
 in London at Queen-hive.
 When after that she languish'd sore,
 full twenty dayes in pain,
 At last confess't the Ladies blood,
 her guilty hands had stain,
 And likewise how that by a Fryar
 she had a base born child,
 Whose sinful lusts and wickedness,
 her marriage deil'd.
 Thus you have heard the fall of pride,
 a just reward of sin,
 For those that will forswear themselves;
 Gods vengeance daily win.
 Beware of pride ye London Dames,
 both wives and maidens all,
 Bear this imprinted in your minds,
 that pride may have a fall.